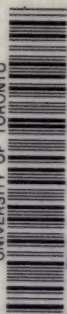
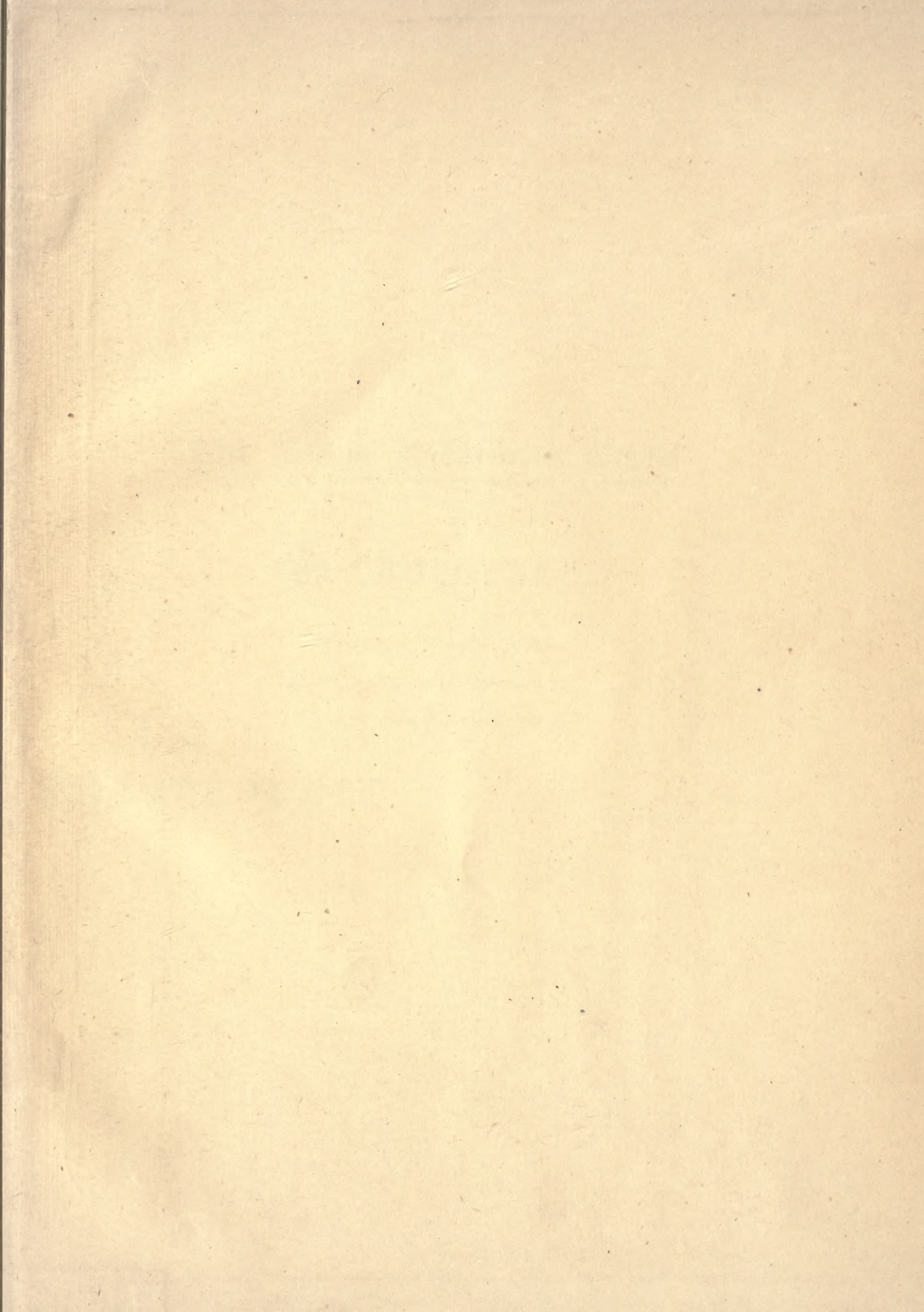


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Hickscorner

Written, c. 1497–1512

Date of Original Copy, c. 1512

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

Hickscorner

Richardson

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1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 47]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER



Hickscorner

[c. 1497-1512]

Issued for Subscribers by

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PR
2411
H6
1512a

Hickscorner

The original of this edition is in the British Museum (C 21, c. 24). It was printed, probably about 1512, by Wynkyn de Worde, who was following his craft as a printer from 1491 to 1535. Another impression also thought to have come from the same press about 1520 is known by a fragment of two leaves also in the British Museum (C 18, e. 2 [4]), with 34 lines to a page, as against 31 lines to a page in the original of the present reprint. Yet another edition by John Waley (or Walley), in business from 1546 to 1586, is in the Bodleian, also with 34 lines to a full page. Other fragments are also known.

The piece was apparently written between 1497 and 1512, these limits being fixed, the first by the allusion to Newfoundland (discovered by Cabot, 24th June 1497), and the last by the mention of the ship "Regent," destroyed by the French in 1512.

Mr. J. A. Herbert (Manuscript Department, British Museum) says this reproduction of "Hyckescorner" is "very

well done," and also that he has "very little indeed to criticise" :—

- (1) In the unsigned sheet (between "A" and "B"), on iii recto, the spot above the e of "fynde" in line 15 is not in original.*
- (2) B ii verso, "this page is too faint and 'muzzy' in places, especially where marked" [the first words of each line from line 4 from top to line 11 from the foot of the page]; the original is here "perfectly sharp and clear."*
- (3) B iii verso, the spot above y in the name "Pyty" (line 8 from foot) is not in original.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

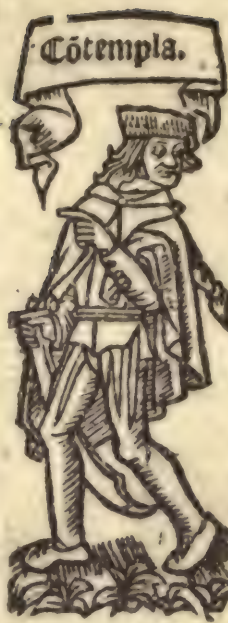
Trick Scenes.

*Imp. by Winkler
1811*

Hyche Corner!

DAVID GARRICK.





BRITISH
MUSEUM





Pyte.

NOW Thū þ gentyll þ bought Adam fro hell.
Saue you all soueraynes & solas you sende
And of this matcr that I begynne to tell
I praye you of audyence tyll I haue made an ende
For I laye to you my name is pyte
That euer yet hath ben mannes frende
In the bosome of the seconde persone in trynpte
I sprange as a plante mannes mylse to amende
You toz to helpe I put to my honde
Recorde I take of mary that wepte teres of blode
I pyte within her herte dyde stonde
Whan she sawe her sone on the rode
The swerde of sorowe gaue that lady wounde
Whan a spere claue her lones herte a sondre
She cryed out and fell to the grounde
Thoughe she was woo hrt was lytell wonder
This delycate colour that goodly lady
Full pale and wanne she sawe her sone all deyd
Splayed on a crosse with the fyue welles of pyte
Of purple veluet poudred with roses reed
Lo I pyte thus made your crande to be sprede
Oz elles man for euer sholde haue ben forlorne
A mayden so layde his lyfe to wedde
Crowned as a kynge the thornes pycked hym sore
Charpte and I of true loue ledes the double rayne
Who so me loueth dampned neuer shall be
Of some vertuuous company I wolde be sayne
For all that wyll to heuen nides must come by me
These porters I am in that heuenly cyte
And now here wyll I rest me a lytell space

Hyck.

A.ii.

Cpl hyt please Ihesu of his grace
 Some vertuous telyshyp for to sende
 Contem. C Cryste that was crystened crucyfied & crowned
 Placpon. In his bosum true loue was gaged with a spere
 His baynes braste & brosed and to a pyller bounde
 With scourges he was lashed þ knottes þ skyn tare
 On his necke to caluary the grete crosse he bare
 His blode ran to the grounde as scrypture doth tel
 His burden was so heuy that downe vnder it he fel
 Lo I am kynne to the lord whiche is goddes sone
 My name is wyten forrest in the boke of lyfe
 For I am perfyte contemplacpon
 And brother to holy chyrche þ is our lordes wyfe
 Johan baptyst Anthony & Iherome w many mo
 Followed me here in holte herche and in wyldernes
 I euer with them went where they dyde go
 Nyght & daye towarde the waye of ryghtwysenes
 I am the chese lanterne of all holynes
 Of prelates and pcestes I am theyr patrou
 No armure so stronge in no dystresse
 Habergyon helme ne yet no Jeltoun
 To fyght with sathan I am the champpon
 That dare abyde and manfully stonde
 Fendes fle awaye wher they se me come
 But I wyl shewe you why I came to this londe
 For to preche and teche of goddes soth lawes
 Apenst byce þ dothe rebell apenst hym & his lawes.
 Pyte. C God speke good broder fro whes came you now
 Contem. C Syr I came frome perseueraunce to seke you
 Pyte. C Why syr knowe you me
 Contem. C Ye syr and haue done longe your name is pyte

Thomas
 & Edward



Cyour name fayne wolde I knowe

In dede I am called contemplacyon
That bleth to lyue solytarly

In wodes and in wyldernesse I walke alone

Bycause I wolde saye my prayers deuoutly

I loue not with me to haue moche company

But perseueraunce ofte with me doth mete

Whan I thynke on thoughtes that is full heuenly

Thus he and I togyder full sweetly doth slepe

I thanke god that we be mette togyder

Eyr I trust þ pseuerance shortly wyll come hyder

Than I thynke to here some good tydyng

I warant you brother that he is comynge

The eternal god that named was was messyas

He gyue you grace to come to his gloze

Whet euer is Joye in the celestyall place

Whan you of iathan wynneth the byctorye

Euery man ought to be gladde to haue in company

For I am named good perseueraunce

That euer is guyded by vertuous gouernaunce

I am neuer varyable but doth contynue

Styll goynge vpwarde the ladder of grace

And lode in me planted is so true

And fro þ pooze man I wyll neuer tourne my face

Whan I go by my selte ofte I do remembre

The grete knydnys that god shewed vnto man

For to be bozne in the moneth of decembze

Whan the daye waxeth shorte and the nyght longe

Of his goodnesse that champyon stronge

Descended downe fro the fader of ryghtwysnes

And rested in mary the floure of mekenes

Nyck,

A.iii,

Pyte.

Contem:

Pyte.

Contem.

Pyte.

Contem.

Perseue.

Now to this place hyder come I am
 To seke contemplacyon my kynnesman
 Contem. What brother perseueraunce ye be welcome
 Perseue. And so be you also contemplacyon
 Contem. Loo here is our mayster pyte
 Perseue. Now truly ye be welcome in to this countre
 Pyte. I thanke you hertely syr perseueraunce
 Perseue. Mayst pyte one thyng is com to my remembraunce
 what thynges here you now
 Pyte. Syr luche as I can I shall shewe you
 I haue herde many men complayne pyteously
 They saye they be smytten wth the swerde of pouerty
 In every place where I do go
 fewe frendes pouerte deoth fynde
 And these ryche men ben unkynde
 For theyr neyghbours they wyll nought do
 wydowes doo: h curle lordes and gentyll men
 For they constrayne them to mary with theyr men
 ye wheder they wyll or no
 When mary for good and that is dampnable
 ye with olde women that is fytte and beyonde
 The peyrl now no man drede wyll
 All is not goddes lawe that is bled in londe
 Beware wyll they not tyll deeth in his honde
 Taketh his swerde & smyteth asonder þe lyfe bayne
 And wth his mortall stroke cleueth þe herte atwayne
 They trust so in mercy the lanterne of byghynesse
 That no thyng do they drede goddes ryghtwysnes
 Perseue. O Ihesu syr here is a heuy tydynge
 Pyte. Syr this is trewe that I do bynge
 Contem. How am I beloued mayster pyte where ye come

In good faythe people haue now small deuocyon **Pyte.**
And as for with you brother contemplacyon
There medleth fewe or none

Yes I trust that prestes loue me wele

Contem.

But a fewe I wys and some neuer adele

Pyte.

Why syr without me they maye not lyue clene

Contem.

May þ is þ leest thoughe þ they haue of syftene

Pyte.

And that maketh me full heuy

How trowe you that there be no remedy

Contem.

Full harde for synne is now so greuous and yll

Pyte.

That I thynke that it be growen to an impossyble

And yet one thyng maketh me euer mournynge

That prestes lack vtteraunce to shewe theyr cūfyng

And al the whyle that clerkes do ble so grete synne

Amonge the lay people loke neuer for no mendyng

Mas that is a heuy case

Perseue.

That so grete synne is bled in euery place

I praye god hyt amende

Now god that euer hath ben mannes frende

Contem.

Some better tydynges soone vs sende

For now I must be gone

Fare well god my cherne here

I grete erande I haue elles where

That must nedes be done

I trust I wyll not longe tary

Euer wyll I hye me shortly

And come agayne whan I haue done

Hyder agayne I trust you wyll come

Perseue.

Therfore god be with you

Sy nedes I must departe now

Contem.

Ihesu me spede this dape

Pyck.

A.iiii.

Perleue. **Frewyll** Now brother contemplacyon let vs go our waye
Frewyll I wate felowes and stande a roume
 How saye you am not I a goodly personue
 I trowe you knowe not suche ageste
 What syres I tell you my name is frewyll
 I maye chose wheder I do good or yll
 But for all that I wyll do as me lyst
 My condycyons ye knowe not perde
 I can fyght chyde and be mery
 Full soone of my company ye wolde be wery
 And you knewe all
 What fyll the cup and make good chere
 I trowe I haue a noble here
 Who lente hys me by cryste a fere
 And I gaue hym a fall
 Where be ye syr be ye at home
 Kockes passyon my noble is tournd to a stone
 Where laye I last belshewe your herte Ione
 Now by these bones she hath begyled me
 Let se a peny my souper a pece of fleshe .x. pence
 My bedde ryght nought let all this expence
 Now by these bones I haue lost a half peny
 Who laye there my felowe Imagynacyon
 And I had good communycacyon
 Of syr Johan and sybbell
 How they were spped in bedde togyder
 And he prayed her ofte to come thyder
 For to syngs lo le lo lowe
 They twayne togyder had good spoite
 But at the stowes syde I lost a grote
 I trowe I shall nener ythe

Such a one made me my daye p

My felowe promysed me here to mete
 But I rowe the horses one be a slepe
 With a wenche some where
 How Imagynacyon come hyder
 And you thyrue I lose a feder
 Beshrowe your herte appere
 What how how who called after me
 Come nere ye shall neuer I the
 where haue ye be so longe
 By god with me hyt is all wronge
 I haue a payre of soze buttockes
 All in Irons was my songe
 Euen now I satte gyued in a payre of stockes
 Cockes passyon and how so
 Syr I wyll tell you what I haue do
 I mette with a wenche and she was sayre
 And of loue hertely I dyde praye her
 And so promysed her monaye
 Syr she wynt on me and sayd nought
 But by her loke I knewe her thought
 Than in to loues daunce we were brought
 That we played the pyrdewy
 I wote not what we dyde togyder
 But a knaue catchpoll nyghed vs nere
 And so dyde vs alpye
 A steppe he gaue me I fledde my touche
 And frome my gyrdle he plucked my pouche
 By your leue he lefte me neuer a peny
 Loo nought haue I but a buckyll
 Ane yet I can Imagen thynges sotyll
 For to get monaye plenty

Imagy:
 Irewyll

Imagy:

Irewyll
 Imagy.

The first and last of my
 by the way of my
 by the way of my

In westmynstre hall euery terme I am
To me is kynne many a grete gentyll man
I am knowen in euery countre
And I were deed the lawyers thyrft were lost
For this wyll I do yf men wolde do cost
Prove ryght wronge and all by reason
And make men lese bothe hous and lond
For all that they can do in a lytell season
Beche men of treason preyly I can
And whan me lyst to hange a trewe man
If they wyll me monaye tell
Cheues I can helpe out of prysoun
And in to lordes fauours I can get me soone
And be of theyr prey counseyll
But frewyll my dere broder
Sawe you not of byckscorner
He promysed me to come hyder

Frewyll.
Imagy.

Why syr knowest thou hym
O ye ye man he is full nye of my kynne
And in newgate we dwelled togyder
For he and I were bothe shakelod in a fetter

Frewyll

Syr lape you beneth or on hye on the seller

Imagy.

Say p wys amongst thykest of yemē of the collex

Frewyll

By god than ye were in grete fere

Imagy.

Syr had not I be. cc. had be thraist in an haltere

Frewyll

And what lyfe haue they there al that grete sozte

Imagy.

By god syr ones a yere som taw halts of burport

ye at tyburne there stondeth the grette frame

And some take a fall that maketh theyr neck lame

Frewyll.

O ye but can they than go nomore

Imagy.

O no man the worst is worst so soze

For as soone as they haue sayd in man^{er} tuas ones

By god they^{re} brythe is stopped at ones

¶ Why do they praye in that place there

Freewyll

¶ Ye sy^{re} they stonde in grete fere

Imagy.

And so fast tangled in that snare

Hy^t falleth to they^{re} lotte to haue the same share

¶ That is a knauyl^{sh}e syght to se the^{re} tott on a beme

Freewyll

¶ Sy^{re} the horesones coude not conuaye cleue

Imagy.

For and they coude haue carped by crafte as I can

In pcesse of yeres ethe of the^{re} holde be a getyll mā

Yet as for me I was neuer thefe

Yf my hādes were smytē of I can stele w^{ith} my tethe

For ye knowe well there is crafte in daubynge

I can loke in a mannes face and pycke his purse

And tell newe tydynges I was neuer trewe ywys

For my hood is all lyned with lesynge

¶ Ye but wente yē neuer to ryburne a pylgrymage

Freewyll

¶ No ywys nor none of my lygnages

Imagy.

For we be clerkes all and can our necke berse

And w^{ith} an opyntment the Iuges hāde I can grece

That wyl^l hele sores that be incurable

¶ Why were ye neuer founde repprouable

Freewyll

¶ Yes ones I stall a hors in the felde

Imagy.

And lepte on hym for to haue ryden my waye

At the last a bayly me mette and behelde

And badde me stonde than was I in a fraye

He asked wheder with that horse I wolde gon

And than I tolde hym hyt was myne owne

He sayd I hadde stolen hym and I sayde naye

This is sayd he my brothers hacknaye

For and I had not scused me without fayle

By our lady he wolde haue lad me strapte to Nape
And than I tolde hym þe horse was lyke myne
A browne baye a longe mane & dyde halte behynde
Thus I tolde hy þe such an other hors I dyde lacke
And yet I neuer sawe hym noz came on his backe
So I deliuered hym the hors agayne

And whan he was gone than was I fayne
For and I had not sculed me the better
I knowe well I sholde haue daunled in a fetter

Frewyll

Imagy.

And sayd he nomoze to the but so
Yes he pretended me moche harme to do
But I tolde hy that moynynge wns a grete myste
That what horse hyt was I ne wste
Also I sayd that in my heed I had the megryne
That made me dasell so in myue eyen
That I myght not well se

And thus he departed shortly frome me,

Frewyll

Imagy.

O ye but where is hyckscorner now
Some of these yonge men hath he hydde hym in
theyr bolomes I warrtaunt you

Imagy.

Frewyll.

Let vs make a crye that he maye vs here

How how hyckscorner appere

I trowe thou be hyde in some cornere

Hyckscor.

Frewyll

Hyckscor.

Ale the helme ale vere shot of vere sayle vera

Cockes body herke he is in a shyppe on the see

God spede god spede who called after me

Imagy.

What brother welcome by this precyous body

I am gladde that I you se

Hyt was tolde me that ye were hanged

But out of what countre come ye

Hyckscor.

O yes I haue ben in many a countre

As in fraunce Irlonde and in spayne
 Port yngale scuyll also in almayne
 Freslonde flaunders and in burgoyne
 Calabze poyle and ertagoyne
 Byrtayne byrke and also in gascoyne
 Naples grece and in myddes of scotlande
 At cape saynt byncent & in the newe soude Irlonde
 I haue ben in gene and in corbe
 Also in the londe of rumbelowe
 Thre myle out of hell
 At robes constantyne and in babylonde
 In cornetwale and in no northumberlonde
 Where men sethe ruffhes in gruell
 Ye syz in caldey tartare and Jude
 And in þe londe of women þe fewe men dothe fynde
 In all these countres haue I be
 C Syz what tydynges here ye now on the see
 C We mette of shyppes a grete naue
 Full of people that wolde in to Irlonde
 And they came out of this countre
 They wyll neuer more come to englonde
 C Whens were þe shyppes of them knowest þe none
 C Herke & I wyll shewe you theyz names eche one
 First was the regent with the myghell of byrkyse
 The george with the gabryell and the anne of foye
 The starre of salte asshe with the Ihesus of plūoth
 Also the hermytage with the barbara of darimouth
 The mycolas and the mary bellouse of byrystowe
 With the slyn of london and James also
 Grete was the people that was in them
 All tructtlygyous and holy women

fre wyll.
 Dyckscor.

Imagy.
 Dyckscor.

There was trouthe and his kynnelman
 With pacyence mekenes and humyltye
 And all true maydens with theyr byrgnyte
 By all prechers sadnes and charyte
 Ryght conſcyence and fayth with deuocyon
 And all true monkes that kepte theyr relyon
 True byers and ſellers and almes dede doers
 Wyteous people that be of synne deſtroyers
 With Juſt abſtynerce and good counſeyllers
 Mourners for ſynne with lamentacyon
 And good ryche men þe helpeth folke out of pyſon
 True wedlocke was there alſo
 With yonge men that euer in prayer byde go
 The ſhyppes were lade wth ſuche vnhappy company
 But at the laſte god ſhope a remedy
 For they all in the ſee were drownde
 And on a quyk ſonde they ſtrake to grounde
 The ſee ſwalowed them euerychone
 I wote wote well alre there ſcaped none
Imagy. O now my herte is gladd and mery
 For Ioye now let vs ſynge dery dery
Hyckſcor. Fellowes they ſhall neuer moze vs withſtonde
 For I ſe them all drownded in the caſe of Arlonde
Freewyll. Iye but yet herke hyckſcorner
 What company was in your ſhypp that came ouer
Hyckſcor. Syr I wyll ſayd you to vnderſtande
 There were good felawes aboue fyue thouſande
 And all they ben kynne to vs thre
 There was falſhode fauell and ſolpſte
 Ye theues and hoies with other good company
 Ayers bachytres and flaterers the whyle

B:aulers lpers getters and chyders
Walkers by nyght with gret e murderers
Querthwarte gyle and Joly carders
Appressers of people with many swerers
There was false lawe with oypble bengeaunce
frowarde obstynacyō w myseheuous gouernaūce
Wanton wenches and also mychers
With many other of the deuylls offycers
And haterede that is so myghty and stronge
Hath made auowe for euet to dwell in englonde

¶ But is that true that thou doste shewe now

¶ Syr: euery worde as I do tell you

¶ Of whens is your shyppe of london

¶ Ye p wys frome thens dyde she come

¶ And she is named the enuy

¶ I tell you a grete vessel and a myghty

¶ The owner of her is called yll wyll

¶ Brother to Iacke poller of shoters hyl

¶ Syr: what offyce in the shyppe bare ye

¶ Mary I kepte a fayre shoppe of baudye

¶ I had thre wenches that were full praty

¶ Iane true and thyrftles and wanton sybble

¶ If ye ryde her a Iournay she wyll make you wery

¶ For she is trusty at uede

¶ If ye wyll hye her for your pleasure

¶ I warraunt tere her shall ye neuer

¶ She is so sure in dede

¶ Ryde and you wyll ten tymes adaye

¶ I warraunt you she wyll neuer laye naye

¶ My lyfe I dare laye to wedde

¶ Now plucke by your hertes & make good there

¶ Imagy.

¶ Dyckscor.

¶ Fredwyll.

¶ Dyckscor.

¶ Imagy.

¶ Dyckscor.

These tydynges lyketh me wonder wel
Now vertu shall drawe arere arere
Herke felous a good spozte I can you tell
At the stues we wyll lye to nyght
And by my trowth yf all go aryght
I wyll begyle some praty wenche
To gette me monaye at a pynche
How saye you shall we go thyder
Let vs kepe company all togyder
And I wolde that we had goddes curse
If we some where do not get a purse
Euery man bere his dagget naked in his honde
And yf we mete a treue man make hym stonde
Or elles that he bere a strype
If that he struggle onb make ony werke
A yghtly stryke hym to the herte
And thzowe hym into temmes qapte

freewyll. I saye thy knyues in a lease is good at nale
But thou lubber I magynacyon
That cuckolde thy fader where is he become
At newgate dothe he ly strll at gayle

Imagy. I auant hozelone thou shalte bere me a strype
Sayst thou that my moder was a hoze

freewyll. I saye syz but the last nyght
I sawe syz Johne and she tomblod on the floze
Now by hockes herte thou shalte lose an arme

Imagy. I saye syz I charge you do hym no harme

hyckicoz. And yf make to moche I wyll bzeke thy heed to

Imagy. By saynt mary and I wyll that I wolde be aga

hyckicoz. I wate aware the hozelone shall aby

Imagy. Dispreest wyll I be by cockes body



K epe pease lest knaues blode be shedde	H ychscoz.
B y god yf his was nought my was as badde	F rewyll.
B y kockes herte he shall dye on this dager	I magy.
B y our lady than wyll ye be straigled in a halter	H ychscoz.
T he horelone shall etc hy as fer as he shyll wade	I magy.
B eshewe your herte and put bp your blade	H ychscoz.
S hethe your whytell oz by hyz y was neuer bozne	
I wyll rappe you on the costarde with my horne	
W hat wyll ye playe all the knaue	
B y kockes herte and thou a buffet shalte haue	
L o spyres here is a fayne company god vs saue	I magy.
F or yf any of vs thre be mayre of london	F rewyll.
I wys y wys I wyll ryde to rome on my thorn	
A las a le is not this a grete feres	
I wolde they were in a myll pole aboute the eres	
A nd tha I durst warraunt they wold departe anone	
H elpe helpe for the passyon of my soule	H ychscoz.
H e hath made a grete hole in my poule	
T hat all my wytte is set to the grounde	
A las a leche for to helpe my wounde	
H aye y wys horelone I wyll bete the oz I go	I magy.
A las good syz what haue I do	F rewyll.
W are make rome he shall haue a strype I trowe	I magy.
P eas peas spyres I commaunde you	P yte.
A uaunt olde churle whens comest thou	I magy.
A nd thou make to moche I shall bryke thy browe	
A nd sende the home agayne	
A good syz the peas I wolde haue kepte fayne	P yte.
A pyne offyce is to se no man slayne	
A nd where they do amyle to geue the good counseyl	
S ynne to forsake and goddes lawe them tell	
H ych.	B.i.

Imagy. **C**Alsy I wende thou haddest ben drowned & gone
 But I haue spyed that there scaped one
Hyckscor. **C**Imagynacyon do by the counseyll of me
 Be a greed with frewyl & lette vs good felowes be
 And than as for this choyle pyte
 Shall curse the tyme that euer he came to londe
Imagy. **C**Brother frewyl gyue me your honde
 And all myne yll wyl I forgyue the
Frewyl. **C**Sy I thanke you hertely
 But what shall we do with this choyle pyte
Imagy. **C**I wyl go to hym and pyke a quarell
 And make hym a thefe and save he dyde stele
Frewyl. **C**Of myne forty pounce in a bagge
CBy god that tydynges wyl make hym sadde
 And I wyl go fetch a payre of gyues
 For in good faythe he shall besette fast by the heles
Hyckscor. **C**Haue ado lyghtly and be gone
 And let vs twayne with hym alone
Frewyl. **C**Now farewell I beschewe you euery chone
Hyckscor. **C**Ho ho frewyl you threwe and no mo
Imagy. **C**Thou lewde felowe sayst þat thy name is pite
 Who sente the hyder to controll me
Pyte. **C**Good sy hyt is my properte
 For to dyspyle synfull lyuyng
 And bnto vertu men to byrnye
 If that they wyl do after me
Imagy. **C**What sy arte thou so ;^{re} holy
 Alse this captyfe wolde be prayled I trowe
 And you thypue this yere I wyl lose a peny
 Lo syres outwarde he bereth a fayre face
 But and he mette with a wenche in a preuy place



I trowe he wolde shewe her but lytell grace
By god ye maye trust me

Aloo wyll ye not se this captyues menyng
He wolde destroye vs all and all our kynne
yet had I leuer se hym hanged by the chynne
Rather than that sholde be brought aboute
And with this dager thou shalt haue a cloute
Without thou wyte be lyghtly be gone

Haye brother laye honde on hym soone
For he Iaped my wyfe and made me cuckolde
And yet the traytoure was so bolde

That he stole forty pounde of myne in monaye

By saynt mary than he shall not scape
we wyll lede hym streyght to newgate
For euer there shall he lye

A se a se sytres what I haue brought
A medycyne for a payre of sore synnes
At the kynges benche sytres I haue you sought
But I praye you who shall were thele

By god this felowe that maye not go hence
I wyll go gyue hym these hole rynges
Now playthe they be worth forty pence
But to his hendes I lacke two bondes

Choide horsone here is an halter
Bynde hym fast and make hym sure

Omen let trouth that is the trewe man
Be your gypder or elles ye be forlorne
Laye no fals wytnes as nye as ye can

On none for afterwarde ye wyll repent hys full sore

Haye nape I care not therfore

Tye whan my soule hāgeth on þ hedge cast stones.

Hyck.

B.ii.

Hyckscor.

Imagg.

Hyckscor.

strewyll.

Hyckscor.

Imagg.

Pyte.

strewyll.

Hyckscor.

For I tell the playnly by koches bones
Thou shalte be guyded and layd in Irons
They faced euen so

Pyte. **C**Awaye sy: what haue I do

Imagy. **C**Well well that thou shalte knowe or thou go

Pyte. **C**O syres I se hyt can not be amended
you do me wronge for I haue not offended
Remembze god that is our heuen kynge
for he wyll rewarde you after your deserynge
Whan deth with his mace dooth you arest
We all to hym owe serwte and scrupce
fro the ladder of lyfe downe he wyll the threste
Than maysterchyp may not helpe nor grete offyce
fre wyll. **C**What deth and he were here he sholde syt by þ
Crowest thou that he be able to steyne w̄ vs thre
Nay nay nay

Imagy. **C**Well felawes now let vs go our waye
for at shoters hyll we haue aganie to playe

hyckscor. **C**In good sayth I wyll tary no lender space

fre wyll. **C**Sylthwe hym for me þ is last out of this place
Pyte. **C**Lo lordes they may curs þ tyme they were bozne
for the wedes that ouer groweth the corne
They troubled me gyltelesse and wote not why
for goddes loue yet wyll I suffre pacyently
we all may say weleaway for synne þ is now adaye
Loo vertue is banysshed for euer and aye
Worse was hyt neuer
We haue plente of grete othes
And clothe ynoughe in our clothes
But charyte many men lothes
Worse was hyt neuer



Alas now is lechery called loue in dede
 And murdure named manhobe in euery nede
 Extorsyon is called lawe so god me spede
 Woyle was hpt nener
 Youth walketh by ryght with swerdes & knyues
 And euer amonge true men leseth theyr lyues
 Like heretykes we occupy other mennes wyues
 Now a dayes in englonde
 Baudes be þ dysstryers of many yonge women
 And full lewde counseyll they gyue vnto them
 How you do mary beware you yonge men
 The wyfe neuer tarpyeth to longe
 There be many grete scorers
 But for synne there be fewe mourners
 We haue but fewe true louers
 In no place now a dayes
 There be many goodly gyfte knyues
 And I trowe as well apparaylled wyues
 Yet many of them be vnthyfty of theyr lyues
 And all set in pryde to go gaye.
 Mayers on synne dooth no correccyon
 With gentyll men bereth trouthe adowne
 Auoutry is suffred in euery towne
 Amendment is there none
 And goddes comaundementes we breke them all.
 Deuocyon is gone many dayes syn
 Let vs amende vs we trewe crysten men
 Or deth make you grone
 Courtyers go gaye and take lytell wages
 And many with harlottes at the tauerne hauntes
 They be yemen of the wythe þ be shakled in gyues
 Hyckscor. B.iii.

Baglum bane

On them selfe they haue no pyte
God punyssheth full sore with grete sekencesse
As pockes pestylence purple and axes
Some dyeth sodenly that berth full peryllous
Yet was there neuer so grete pouerte
There be some sermones made by noble doctoures
But truly the sende bothe stoppe mennes eres
For god nor good man some people not feres
wole was hyt neuer
All trouth is not best sayd
And our prechers now adayes be halfe afrayde
Whan we do amende god wolde be well apayde
wole was hyt neuer

Contem.
Perseue.
Pyte.

What mayster pyte how is hyt with you
C Sye we be sovy to se you in this case now
C Betherne here were thre peryllous men
Freewyll hychcorner and Imagynacyon
They sayd I was a thefe and layd felonye hypon me
And bounde we in Irons as ye maye se

Contem.
Pyte.

Where be the traytours become nowe
C In good faythe I can not shewe you

Perseue.

Brother let vs vnbrynde hym of his bondes

Contem.

Unloose the fete and the bondes

Pyte.

C I thanke you for your grete kyndnes
That you shewe in this dystresse
For they were men without any mercy
That deluyeth all in myschefe and tyranie

Perseue.

C I thynke they wyll come hyder agayne
Freewyll and Imagynacyon bothe twayne
Them wyll I exorteto vertuous luyunge
And vnto bette them so byunge

By the helpe of you contemplacyon

Do my counseyll brother pyte

Contem.

Go you and seke them throughe the countre

In byllage to dwne bourghe and cyte

Throughe out all the realme of englonde

Whan you them mete lyghtly them arrest

And in pryson put them faste

Bynde them sure in Irons stronge

For they be so faste and sotyle

That they wyll you begyle

And do true men wronge

Perseue.

Brother pyte do as he hath sayd

In euery quarter loke you aspye

And let good watche for them be layde

In all the haast that thou can and that pryuely

For and they come hyder they shall not scape

For all the crafte that they can make

Well than wyll I hye me as fast as I maye

Pyte.

And trauayle throughe euery countre

Good watche shall be layde in euery waye

That they stele not in to sentwary

Now fare wele bretherne and praye for me.

For I must go hens in dede

Now god be your good spende

Perseue.

And euer you defende whan you haue nede

Contem.

Now bretherne bothe I thanke you

Pyte.

Make you come for a gentylman syss and pease

Free wyll.

Duegarde seynours tout le pccasse

And of your Angelynge yf ye wyll scase

I wyll tell you where I haue bene

Syrres I was at the cauerne and dronke wyne.

He thought I sawe a pece that was lyke myne
And sye all my fyngers were arayed with lyne
So I conuayued a cuppe manerly
And yet pways I played all the sole
For there was a scoler of myne owne scole
And sye the horesone aspyed me
Than was I rested and brought in pylson
For woo than I wylte not what to haue done
And all Bycause I lacked monaye
But a frende in courtte is worthe a peny in purs
For Imagynacyon myne owne felowe I wyls
He dyde helpe me out full craftely
Syrres he walked thughe holborne
Thre houres after the sonne was downe
And walked by towarde saynte gyles in the felde
He hounde styll and there behe' de
But there he coude not speke of his praye
And strayght to ludgate he toke the waye
ye wote well that potycaryes walke very late
He came to a doze and pryuely spake
To a prentes for a peny worth of bforbyum
And also for a halfpenny worth of alom plomme
This good seruaunte serued hym shoztely
And sayd is there ought elles that you wolde bye
Thā he asked for a mouthfull of quicke bymstone
And downe in to þ seller whā the seruāt was gone
Aspyde as he kest his eye
A grette bagge of monaye dyde he spy
Ther in was an hondred pounde
He trussed hym to his fete and yede his waye rōnde
He was lodged at newgate at the swanne

And every man toke hym for a gentyll man
 So on the morowe he deliuered me
 Out of newgate by this polyce
 And now wyll I daunce an make ryall chere
 But I wolde I magynacyon were here
 For he is percles at nede
 Labour to hym spyres yf ye wyl your maters spede
 Now wyll I synge and lustely spyngye
 But whan my fetters on my legges dyde ryngye
 I was not gladd perde but now hey trolly lolly
 Let vs se who can descaunt on this same
 To laughe and gete manape hyt were a goode game
 What whome haue we here
 A preest a doctoure or elles a frere
 What mayster doctour dotypoll
 Can not you preche well in a blacke boll
 Or dyspute ony dyspynte
 If ye be cunnyng I wyll put hyt in a pynte
 Good syr why do men ete mustarde with befe
 My questyon can you asswoyle me
 Peas man thou talkest lewdly
 And of thy lyuynge I need amende the
 Auaunt catyfe doost thou thou me
 I am come of good kynne I tell the
 My moder was a lady of the strewes blode borne
 And knyght of the halter my fader wore an horne
 Therfore I take hyt in full grete scoyne
 That thou sholdest thus cheke me
 Abyde felowe thou cast lytell curtesye
 Thou shalte be charmed or thou hens pale
 For thou troubled pyte and layd on hym felonye
 Hyscor. C. i.

Perseus.

Freewill.

Contem.

Where is Imagynacyon thy felawe that was
 frewyl. **I** defy you bothe wyl you arrest me
 Perseue. **I** have nare thy grette wordes maye not helpe the
 fro vs thou shalt not escape
 frewyl. **M**ake some syres that I maye breke his pate
 I wyl not be taken for them bothe
 Contem. **T**hou shalt abyde whether thou be leue or lothe
 Therfore good sone lyften unto me
 And marke these wordes that I do tell the
 Thou hast folowed thynne one wyl many a daye
 And lyued in synne without amendement
 Therfore in thy conceyte assaye
 To aye god mercy and kepe his romaundement
 Than on the he wyl haue pye
 frewyl. **A**nd brynge the to heuen that I forfull cyte
 What horsefone wyl ye haue me now a sole
 Naye yet had I leuer be captayne of calays
 For and I holde do after your scole
 To lerne to pater to make me peupse
 Yet had I leuer loke with a face full theupse
 And therfore prate no lenger here
 Leest my knaues fyke bytce you vnder the yere
 What ye dawes wolde ye recd me
 For to lesele my pleasure in youth and Iolyte
 To balle and kyse my swete trully mully
 As Jane cate besse and sybble
 I wolde that hell were full of suche pyrmnes
 Than wolde I renne thy der on my pyrmnes
 As fast as I myght go
 Perseue. **W**hy syr wylte thou not loue vertu
 And forsake thy synne for the loue of god almyghty

¶ What god almyghty by goddes fast at salybury frefwyl
And I trowe eſter day fell on whytſunday þ yere
There were .v. ſcore ſaue an hondred in my cōpany
And at pety Judas we made ryall chere
There had we good ale of myghelmas buyng
There heuen hye lepyng and ſpyngyng
And thus dyde I

Lepe out of burdeaus into caunterbury
Almost ten myle bytwene

¶ Frefwyl forſake all this worlde wylfully here
And chaunge by tyme þ oughtheſt to ſtonde in fere **Contem.**
For fortune wyl tourne her whele to wyfte
That clene fro thy welthe ſhe wyl the lyfte

¶ What liſt me who a Imaginacō were here now **Frefwyl**
I wyl with his fyrſt he wolde all tocloute you
Hens horeſone tary no longer here

For by ſaynt pyntell the apoſtell I ſwere
That I wyl dyue you bothe home
And yet I was neuer wōte to fyght alone
Alas that I had not one to bolde me
Than you ſholde ſe me playe the man ſhamfully
Alas hyt wolde do me good to fyght
How ſaye you lordes ſhall I ſmyte
Haue amonge you by this lyght
Hens horeſones and home at ones

O with my wepen I ſhall breke your bones
Quaunt you knaue walke by my counſeyll

¶ Sone remembre the grete paynes of hell **Perſeue.**
They are ſo horryble that no tonge can tell
Beware leſt thou thyder do go

¶ Raye by ſaynt mary I hope not ſo

Hyckl. 02.

C.ii.

Frefwyl.

I wyll not go to þe deuyl whyle I haue my lyberte
He shall take þe labour to fet me & he wyll haue me
For he that wyll go to hell by his wyll voluntary
The deuyl and the woyle wynde go with hym
I wyll you neuer fro thens tydynge byunge
Go you befoze and shewe me the waye
And as to folowe you I wyll not saye naye
For by goddes body and you be in ones
By the masse I wyll shyte the doze at ones
And than ye be take in a pytfall

Contem. ¶ Now Ihesus soone defende vs frome that hole
For (qui est in inferno nulla est redemptio)
Holy Job spake thesē wordes full longe ago

Fretwyll. ¶ Nay I haue done & you lade out latyn w scopes
But therewith can you cloute me a payre of botes
By our lady ye sholde haue some werke of me
I wolde haue them well vnderlayd and casely
For I vse alwaye to go one the one syde
And trowe ye how by god in the stockes I late tyde
I trowe a thre wekes and moze a lytell stounde
And there I laboured soze daye by dare
And so I tred my shone inwarde in good faye
No therfoze me thynke you must soule them rosede
If you haue ony newe botes apayre I wolde by
But I thynke your pryce be to hye
Syr ones at negotate I bought a payre of stertups
A myghty payre and a stronge
Whole yere I ware them so longe
But they came not fully to my knee
And to cloute them hys cost not me a peny
Euen now & ye go thyder ye shall fynde a grete hepe

And you spekef my name ye shall haue good chepe
 Why we came neuer there ne neuer shall do **Perseue.**
 Mary I was taken in a trap there & tyde by þ to **Freewyll**
 That I halted a grete whyle and myght not go
 I wolde ye bothe late as fast there
 Than holde ye daunce as a bere
 And all all by gangelynge of your chaynes
 Why sry were ye there **Contem.**
 Eye and that is sene by my braynes **Freewyll.**
 For oz I came there I was as wyle as a woodcock
 And I thanke god as wytte as a haddocke
 yet I trust to recouer as other dole
 For and I had ones as moche wytte as a gosse
 I holde be marchaunt of the banke
 Of golde than I holde haue many a franke
 For yf I myzt make .iii. good vyages to shoters hyl
 And haue wynde and wedder at my wyll
 Than wolde I neuer trauell the see moze
 But hyt is harde to kepe the shyppe fro the shore
 And yf hyt happe to ryle a storme
 Than thowen in a rale and so aboute bozne
 On rockes oz brachis for to ronne
 Elles to stryke a grounde at tybozne
 That were a myscheuous case
 For that rocke of tybozne is so peryllous a place
 Ponge galauntes dare not venture in to kence
 But whan theyr monaye is gone and spente
 With theyr longe botes they rowe on the baye
 And ony man of warre lye by the waye
 They must take a bote and thowen the helme a le
 And full harde hyt is to scape that grete Jeopardye
 Hyck:coz. **C.iii.**

for at last thomas of watrþge & they stryke a sayle
Thā muste they ryde in þ̄ haue of hepe wout sayle
And were not these two Jeoperdo^r places in dede
Ther is many a marchaūt that thyder wolde spede
But yet we haue a sure cancell at westmynster
A thoulāde shypes of theues therin may ryde sure
for yf they may haue ankerholde & grete spedyng
They maye lyue as mery as ony kyng

Perseue. ¶ Good woote syz there is a pyteous lyuyng
Than ye dyde not the grete mayster aboue
Sone forlake thy mylle & his loue
And than mayst thou come to the blyss also

Freewyll. ¶ Why what wolde you that I sholde do

Contem. ¶ for to go towarde heuen

Freewyll. ¶ Mary and you wyll me thyder bypnye
I wolde do after you

Perseue. ¶ I praye you remembze my wordes now
Freewyll bethynke the that thou shalt dye
And of the houre thou arte vncertayne
Yet by thy lyfe thou mayst fynde a remedy
for and thou dye in synne all labour is in bayne
Than shall thy soule be styll in payne
Loste and dampned for euerinoze
Helpe is past thoughe thou wolde sayne
Than'thou wylte curse þ̄ tyme that thou were boze

Freewyll. ¶ Syz yf ye wyll vndertake that I saued shall be
I wyll do all the penaunce that you wyll sette me

Contem. ¶ If that thou for thy synnes be soz
Our lozde wyll forgyue the them

Freewyll. ¶ Now of all my synnes I axe god mercy
Here I forlake synne and trust to amende

I beseeche Ihesu that is moost myghty
To forgyue all that I haue offende
Our lord now wyll shewe the his mercy
A newe name thou nede none haue
For all that wyll to heuen hve
By his owne fre wyll he must forlake folye
Than is helure and saue

Perseue.

Contem.

Cholde here a newe garment
And here after lyue deuoutly
And for thy synnes do euer repente
Sorrowe for thy synnes is deety remedy
And fre wyll euer to vertue applye
Also to sadnes gyue ye attendaunce
Let hym neuer out of remembraunce
I wyll neuer frome you sye perseueraunce
With you wyll I abyde bothe daye and nyght
Of mynde neuer to be varyable
And goddes comandementes to kepe them ryght

fre wyll

Perseue.

In deed and worde and euer full stable
Than heuen thou shalt haue without fable
But loke that thou be stedfaste
And let thy mynde with good wyll lasse

Imagy.

Husse husse husse who sent after me
I am Imagynacyon full of Jolyte
Lorde that my herte is lyght
Whan shall I perylle I trowe neuer
By cryst I recke not a feder
Euen now I was dubbed a knyght
Where at ryborne of the collee
And of the stewes I am made controller
Of all the houses of lechery

There shall no man playe doctry there
At the beill hertes horne ne elles wher
Without they haue leue of me
But fyres wote ye why I am come hyder
By our lady togydet good company togydet
Saue ye not of my felawe frewyll
I am aferde lest he be serchynge on a hpyll
By god than one of vs is begyled
What felawe is this that in this cote is syled
Kockes deth whome haue we here
What frewyll myn owne fere
Arte thou out of thy mynde

Frewyll ¶ God graunte the way to heuen that I may fynde
for I forlake thy company

Imagy. ¶ Goddes armes my company and why

Frewyll ¶ For thou lyuest to synfully

Imagy. ¶ Alas tell me how hpyt is with the

Frewyll. ¶ Forlake thy synne for the loue of me

Imagy. ¶ Kockes herte arte thou waxed made

Frewyll ¶ Whā I thynke on my synne it makes me ful sadde

Imagy. ¶ Goddes woundes who gaue the that counsell

Frewyll. ¶ Perseueraunce and contemplacyon I the tell

Imagy. ¶ A vengeance on them I wolde they were in hell

Frewyll ¶ Amende Imagynacyon and mercy crye

Imagy. ¶ By goddes sydes I hadde leuer be hāged on hys

Raye that wolde I not do I hadde leuer dye

By goddes passyon and I hadde alonge knyfe

I wolde bereue these two horselones of thepyte

How how twenty pounce for a dagger

Contem. ¶ Peas peas good sone and speke softer

And amende or deth drawe his draught

For on the he wyl stele full softe
He gyueth neuer no man warnynge
And euer to the he is comynge
Therfore remembre the well

If a horselone yf I were Jaylor of hell
I wyls some sorowe holde thou fele
For to the deuyll I wolde the sell
Than holde ye haue many a soyr mele
I wyl neuer gyue you mete ne drynke
Ye holde fast horselones tyll ye dyde syncke
Euen as a rotten dogge ye by saynt tpyburne of kent

Imagy.

Imagynacyon thynke what god dyd for the

Perleue.

On good frydaye he hanged on a tre
And spent all his precyous blode
Aspere dyde ryue his herte a sonder

The gates he brake by with a clappe of thunder
And Adam and eue there delyuered he

What deuyll what is that to me
By goodes fast I was ten yere in newgate
And many more felawes with me sate

Imagy.

Yet he neuer came there to helpe me ne my cōpany

Oyes he holpe the or thou haddest not ben here now

Contem.

By the masse I can not shewe you

Imagy.

For he and I neuer dranke togyder

yet I knowe many an ale stake

Neither at y stues I wylste by neuer come thyder

Gooth he arayed in whyte or in blacke

For and he out of pryson hadde holpe me

I knowe well ones I wolde hym se

What gone wereth he I praye you

Sy he halpe you out by his myght

Perleue.

Imagy. ¶ I can not tell you by this lyght
But me thought that I laye there to longe
And the horestone fetters were so stronge
That hadde almost brought my necke out of Joynt

Perseue. ¶ Amende sone and thou shalt knowe hym
That deliuered the out of pryson
And yf thou wylt forsake thy mysse
Surely thou shalt come to the blysse
And be inherytoure of heuen

Imagy. ¶ What syz aboute the mone
Naye by the masse than sholde I fall soone
Yet I kepe not to clymme so hye
But to clymme for a byrdes nestle
There is none byrdene east and weste
That dare therto ventre better than I
But to ventre to heuen what and my fete styppes
I knowe well than I sholde breke my necke
And by god than hadde I the worse syde
yet had I leuer be by the nose tyde
In a wenchs ars somewhere
Rather than I wolde stande in that grete fere
For to go by to heuen naye I praye you lette be

Freewyll. ¶ Imagynacyon wylte þ do by the counseyll of me

Imagy. ¶ Ye syz by my trouthe what somener it be

Freewyll. ¶ Amende yet for my sake
Hyt is better be tyme than to late
How saye you wyl you goddes hestes fulfyll

Imagy. ¶ I wyl do syz euen as you wyl
But I praye you let me haue a newe cote
Whan I haue nede and in my purse a grote
Than wyl I dwell with you styll

Beware for whan þy arte buryed in the grounde
fewe frendes for the wyll be founde
Remembre this sylf

No thyng drede I so sore as deith
therfore to amende I thynke hvt be tyme
Synne haue I bled all the dayes of my breth
With pleasure lechery and myfufyng
And spent amys my .v. wyttes therfore I am fory
Here of all my synnes I axe god mercy

Holde here is a better clothynge for the
And loke that thou forlake thy folp
Be ftedfast loke that thou fall neuer

Now here I forlake my fyne for euer

Sy wyte thou now on perſeueraunce
for thy name ſhall be called good remembraunce
And I wyll dwell with contemplacyon
And folow he hym where euer he become

Well are ye ſo bothe agrede

Ye ſy ſo god me ſpede

Sy ye ſhall wete on me ſoone
And be goddes ſeruaunt daye and nyght
And in euery place where ye become
Gyue good counſeyle to euery wyght
And men axe your name tell you remembraunce
That goddes lawe kepeth truly euery daye
And loke that ye forget not repentaunce
Than to heuen ye ſhall go the nexte waye
Where ye ſhall ſe in the heuenly quere
The bleſſyd company of ſayntes ſo holy
That lyued deuouly whyle they were here
Unto the whiche blyſſe I beſeche god almyghty

Fewyll

Imagy

Perſeue.

Imagy.

Fewyll.

Contem.

Imagy.

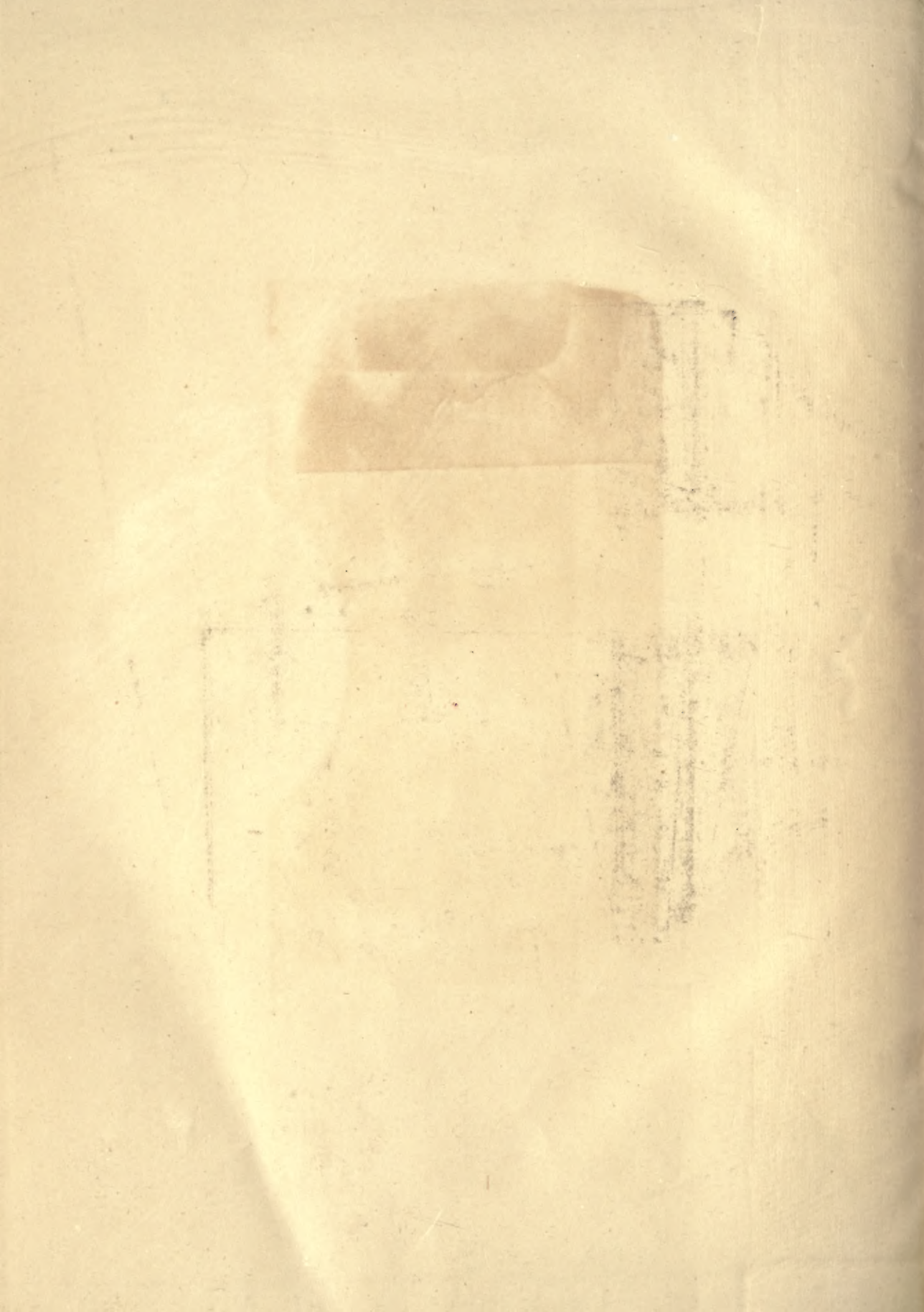
Perſeue.

To bypnye there your soules that here be present
 And vnto vertuous luyng that ye maye applye
 Truly for to kepe his commaundemente
 Of all our myrthes here we make an ende
 Vnto the blyss of heuen Ihesu your soules bypnye
 A B C D.

Enprynted
 by me Wynkyn de
 Worde.

MUSEVM
 BRITAN
 NICVM





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